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PAPER

LBK

It was a cruelly educational year. Our imaginations paled before a brutal reality which descended upon a strangely aloof student body.

We learned.

We learned that it took strength and trust to overcome patterns of selfishness and security, patterns imprinted by years of destructive systems of education. We learned that the ultimate worth of an effort could not be fortold but that the involvement was the essence of education. We learned that there were no easy solutions and that our visions of the alternative demanded a knowledge of what is present- a knowledge not of clichés and easy rhetoric but of reality.

And we learned that dissolution and cynicism were too easy an escape, that mistakes could be made, visions miscarried, and the spirit not lost.

These were not abstract lessons but working principles upon which the College will either grow or die. They demand that we all begin to grow, that students see beyond self-contained professionalism, that faculty see beyond departmental roles, and that administration see all constituents sharing in decision making and responsibility.

It is only in this way that we will be able to avoid brutalization of people at the school during the next few years of change. Student Government, the Faculty Council, and their committees, while agonizingly inadequate are- until the consideration of newer governmental forms- the most immediate means of indirectly affecting policy. Whether the structure thwarts involvement or lack of involvement foils the structure is a chicken or egg question that can be resolved only by an end to indifference, confusion, and paranoia.

The causes of that confusion are complex. Art is not the most secure activity, and these are not the most secure times. We have an art establishment that has succeeded admirably in destroying its reason for existence. The collapse of the gallery system, the collapse of the New York scene as conceptual formulator, and the movement of fine art sensibilities out into society have both liberating and tyrannical implications.

It is our job to maximize the liberating potentials while safe guarding options for individual, apolitical artists. A working art community will come about when we comprehend the humanizing potential of both paths.

The serious effort by a group of students to pave the Peace Garden for parking space is both comic and tragic. The arguments on each side involve two particular views of what the College is all about.

The commuter's frustration is real. He travels considerable distance through heavy traffic only to face a fight for a parking space. His education is punctuated by feeding meters and collecting parking tickets. School for him is reduced to a nine to five affair. The building and its grounds are gray non-entities as he stumbles with carbonmonoxide headache from his automobile to the school door.

He is an embittered casualty in the process of school expansion, an expansion that might be relatively simple if the College stood for nothing. But it happens, for a number of us, to stand for a great deal.

Despite our present appearance we do not choose to be a fortress set against working people and students in surrounding hospitals businesses, and schools. We are part of that community, and the people in it are part of us. The first time the community realized it had a very different kind of institution in its midst was during the construction of the garden. Upon that realization people began to identify with us as human beings, as people committed to something beyond nine to five time serving.

The commuting student stands outside these things, locked in a life style seemingly imposed by Detroit, the petroleum industries, and the Federal government who have all managed to mold our national identity and livelihood in internal combustion engines. As in most totalitarian systems, energy is never expended against the mode of oppression but among the oppressed. That is why the situation is so tragic.

But restructuring the economy isn't exactly the most burning issue for commuters. Personal, short term needs override larger questions and in this way we are all enslaved. Until we change ourselves, we have little moral ground to challenge the monsters. Indeed, the monsters may well be the sum total of our own reasonable conveniences.

Move to town.

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Bauhaus Faculty Portrait by Lawrie Kaplan

interview with an administrator-teacher

Dr. John Cataldo who this year began serving as Academic Dean and teacher of calligraphy feels that there should be no great distinction between administration and teaching. The roots of that belief go directly to his post World War II schooling in an educational community strongly influenced by Bauhaus faculty who came to the U.S. to flee German facism.

"Everything in art is ultimately centered in a thought process," explained Cataldo. "The Bauhaus tradition was concerned with conceptual problems and was connected to a strong social tradition, a strong social consciousness".

On a less intellectualized level the Dean admitted that the administrative desk is a real barrier to being challenged. Behind it, authority is often unquestioned; but teaching demands performance.

Responding to a question regarding the relationship of art to direct political action, Dr. Cataldo maintained that, while any political action may be 'valid,' one cannot take a simplistic approach to the subject.

"The artist is disturbed at being pulled away from his studio since what he is doing is revolutionary... He has an important revolutionary role and impact." The studio as Cataldo sees it, is a contest between world culture and the artist's choice of alternatives.

As to grading systems, the Dean commented, "Grading was only intended to indicate performance -i.e. aesthetic behavior. In my view there is a large generalized norm for all performance in the arts, and there is the exceptional. Realistically, there is something like 'honors' or 'exceptional' and the average or 'pass.'"

The grade E or failure is unrealistic if a student must make up an E, since failure is finite. I would hope for an 'E-no record option' in the near future. If the course is required by the major, then a student should take the course until he passes, and then the grade is recorded."

Since, in the Dean's words, intellect cannot be separated from art, he sees the College's Liberal arts program as an integral part of an artist's education. "It allows us to observe how people behave, design, and think."

On college expansion, Cataldo feels that the admission of more and different kinds of people alters the traditional mold of the MCA student. He disclosed that for the first time, the College is admitting "special students" who are not placed in any particular academic slot. He sees these students as challenging the faculty to relate to them in terms other than members of a specific class or department.

What special considerations are there in structuring academic processes in an art school? The considerations are "very different from those of other schools because it is a very distinct way of life...It is one of the very few disciplines that allows intense self competition...It allows young people to opt for another way of life with our society."

On the future, it is the new Dean's belief that 50% of all studio courses will be made elective by the end of the year. He believes also that 50% of the liberal arts courses will be made elective within the next three years.

"One remarkable thing about MCA is that it is a public institution." He described how in past years the best schools were private, high tuition institutions but that in those schools many students were torn psychologically between their upper-middle class backgrounds and contemporary politics.

"Being a public school, we can attract a wide and varying cross section of the public, not just the children of the wealthy."

He does not see MCA becoming dull, on the contrary, many objective factors indicate the extreme opposite.

"The present staff of teachers wants to stay; graduates want to come back to teach..."

In the past the place to be was Pratt, or RISD, or PCA. Within two years it will be us."

Michael Hachey
Carol Paul

student government association

Student Government representatives are needed from each division throughout the school. People in each division are asked to elect from among their numbers a representative and an alternate as soon as possible. The initial meeting of the student government will be Friday, October 2, 1970, at 12:00, in Room B-10.

There is also a crying need for students to meet in the four student-faculty committees: Admissions, Curriculum, Scholastic Standards, and Programs & Exhibitions.

If you've got an interest in any of these areas, you could do a lot of good for a lot of people by working towards more relevant bases of understanding in its methods and structure. Without student participation, the relevance will naturally be less perfect. If you can help, talk to one of the S.G.A. officers or leave a note in the Student Government mailbox in the Main Office.

Due to the strike this past spring, no election was held for the offices of President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer in Student Government. These posts are presently held respectively by: Donald Doyle, Vasco Pires, Evelyn Murphy, and June Alexandrovich, who volunteered to fill-in for the first few weeks of this semester. Once everyone is settled in the school, nomination papers will be available and proper elections held, so that these positions may be taken by officers duly elected from the student body.

S.G.A.

strike effort evolves into new educational concept

Last Spring when Mass Art along with many other schools and colleges called a student strike, several movements within the school were organized to give a creative outlet to our frustrations. It was agreed that as artists we should use our creativity and knowledge to function as artists should in any society, regardless of the state of that society. The need was felt to channel our energies into visual media, as opposed to some of the more political efforts such as canvassing and organization made by our non-artist counterparts.

Out of the first few days of the strike groups formed, each with a unique expression communicating the sorrow and horror felt during those days following the Kent massacre. A committee began working toward a ritual with masks and costumes which would dramatize the many emotions of that period.

A bell tower was erected and two grim figures sounded the bell for each American life lost in Viet Nam. A street theatre troupe performed a somber ritual in the streets of Boston. But perhaps the most practical and prolific of all these strike efforts was the forming of a graphic workshop in which strike posters were designed and printed using the silk screen process.

The entire second floor was used for the workshop which was principally under the direction of Rob Moore. Though the strike had halted all but a few classes, the Graphic Workshop drew many students who wanted to help, even on nights and weekends. When the school's activities petered out and the drive of the strike subsided, participation in the workshop diminished. A few persistent students wanted to continue the project, and the workshop moved to a new location at 19 High Street in downtown Boston. The small crew continued taking poster orders from colleges and organizations throughout the summer.

The subject matter of the posters broadened to encompass such themes as ecology, political elections, college functions, and cultural events. In order to economically survive the workshop became involved in production for profit and by the end of the summer the workshop had evolved into the commercial enterprise of three students; two '70 graduates and a former student, all from Mass Art.

Having seen the ease with which students learned the complicated silk screen process while the workshop produced quality graphics, Mr. Moore saw the potential of the new workshop for teaching the techniques of graphics and silk screen while involving the student in an urban situation outside of the school. Mr. Moore sees this type of "Field situation" concept as a new trend in education and would like to see it carried out in other areas of study besides graphics. Possibilities arise such as a gallery for painters, a ceramic or sculpture gallery for dimensional designers or possibly a boutique for fashion designers, where students would have a commercial outlet for their works. This type of enterprise on the part of the students in which they would gain practical experience in the field of their interest should be of particular appeal to the student who complains about having to earn money at jobs unrelated to their field such as waitressing, cab driving, and office work.

The mechanics of the Independent Workshop is geared to accommodate fifteen students who schedule themselves to work a minimum of one hour per credit during the week. Students can sign up for 3 to 5 credits a semester. During this time they perform various steps in the silk screen process, which is most efficiently done by a team effort. After an apprenticeship period of six weeks the student can begin to design his own posters or graphics. When he creates a design he will in turn benefit from the team effort of his fellow students in turning out one edition of 50-150 for each credit he expects to receive. This screening of his own designs will take place over and above the regularly scheduled hours he signed for. The student's own work may take the shape of serigraphs (the fine art) or graphics and posters to be added to the workshop portfolio in the anticipation of sale and royalties.

The other attractive advantages of the workshop are the relaxed intimacy of the environment as well as the availability for use at night and weekends.

The workshop this summer won the 1st prize in graphics from the the Re-Creation '70 Arts Festival and was given a showing of some of the more than 100 graphics the workshop produced this summer, at the Cambridge Art Association.

Governor Sargent was also impressed with the workshop and visited it as well as employing them for his campaign graphic.

Aside from all the previously mentioned merits of the workshop, if nothing else it has demonstrated how some capable and imaginative students circumvented the usual establishment hurdles of breaking into the field of graphic design and have managed to become directly and immediately involved in what they were trained to do. What better proof could one ask that Mass Art is, in fact, producing artists?



the annex

(or overland hall undergoes an overhaul)

Those students who have classes at the Annex are now involved in the restructuring of the year-old facility which will house the painting, print-making, core, and environmental arts programs. The new plans for the Annex are based on a modular system which can be arranged to suit the individual student's needs. Architect and new faculty member, David Dobereiner who designed the floor plan has kept the inevitability of change in mind and has designed a system in which walls can be easily installed or removed. A universal grid is permanently established, and the student has a variety of sizes and shapes of work areas to choose from. Again he is free to use any combination of walls or none at all.

This design is certainly a vast improvement over last year's disarray and previous years' easel-clogged studios. The allotting of individual personalized work space to painting majors should remove many of the frustrations which last year resulted in a usually deserted Annex.

Students participating in the building, no matter what their major, are learning a great deal about environmental art, one of the areas of concentration implemented this year. It is hoped that the renovation will be completed after three weeks of combined effort. Faculty involved feel that the time lost to renovation will be compensated for, not only by the end product, but the learning process of those who participate in its realization.

Chris Noonan

spagetti and sweet potatoe pie

Everyone is invited to attend an Annex-warming party Thursday, October 8th beginning at 5 O'clock.

A spaghetti dinner will be served to the music of Sweet Potato Pie.

Volunteers to help with the cooking are needed. Please contact Rob Moore.

Tuesday, October 6th, at 8 o'clock there will be a discussion of "environmental frameworks for participation" led by Jan Wompler liberated architect, in the Mass Art auditorium. The discussion is the second in the series entitled Forum on Human Ecology, organized by Karl Linn and the environmental arts department.

the negro artist and the racial mountain

"When the fool is told a proverb, its meaning has to be explained to him."

"Knowledge is like a garden: if it is not cultivated, it cannot be harvested."

One of The Most Promising of the young Negro poets said to me once, "I want to be a poet-not a Negro poet," meaning, I believe, "I want to write like a white poet"; meaning, subconsciously, "I would like to be white." And I was sorry the young man said that, for no great poet has ever been afraid of being himself. And I doubted then that, with his desire to run away spiritually from his race, this boy would ever be a great poet. But this is the mountain standing in the way of any true Negro art in America--this urge within the race toward whiteness, the desire to pour racial individuality into the mold of American standardization, and to be as little Negro and as much American as possible.

But let us look at the immediate background of this young poet. His family is of what I suppose one would call the Negro middle class: people who are by no means rich, yet never uncomfortable nor hungry--smug, contented, respectable folk, members of the Baptist church. The father goes to work every morning. He is a chief steward at a large white club. The mother sometimes does fancy sewing or supervises parties for the rich families of the town. The children go to a mixed school. In the home they read white papers and magazines. And the mother often says, "Don't be like niggers" when the children are bad. A frequent phrase from the father is, "Look how well a white man does things." And so the word white comes to be unconsciously a symbol of all the virtues. It holds for the children beauty, morality, and money. The whisper of "I want to be white" runs silently through their minds. This young poet's home is, I believe, a fairly typical home of the colored middle class. One sees immediately how difficult it would be for an artist born in such a home to interest himself in interpreting the beauty of his own people. He is never taught to see that beauty. He is taught rather not to see it, or if he does, to be ashamed of it when it is not according to Caucasian patterns.

Certainly there is, for the American Negro artist who can escape the restrictions the more advanced among his own group would put upon him, a great field of unused material ready for his art. Without going outside his race, and even among the better classes with their "white" culture and conscious American manners, but still Negro enough to be different, there is sufficient matter to furnish a black artist with a lifetime of creative work. And when he chooses to touch on the relations between Negroes and whites in this country, with their innumerable overtones, and undertones, surely, and exhaustible supply of themes at hand. To these the Negro artist can give his racial individuality, his heritage of rhythm and warmth, and his incongruous humor that so often, as in the Blues, becomes ironic laughter mixed with tears. But let us look again at the mountain.

The road for the serious black artist, then, who would produce a racial art is most certainly rocky and the mountain is high. Until recently he received almost no encouragement for his work from either white or colored people. The fine novels of Chesnutt go out of print with neither race noticing their passing. The quaint charm and humor of Dunbar's dialect verse brought to him, in his day, largely the same kind of encouragement one would give a side-show freak (A colored man writing poetry! How odd!) or a clown (How amusing!).

The Negro artist works against an undertow of sharp criticism and misunderstanding from his own group and unintentional bribes from the whites. "O, be respectable, write about nice people, show how good we are," say the Nergoes. "Be stereotyped, don't go too far, don't shatter our illusions about you, don't amuse us too seriously. We will pay you," say the whites. Both would have told Jean Toomer not to write *Cane*. The colored people did not praise it. The white people did not buy it. Most of the colored people who did read *Cane* hate it. They are afraid of it. Although the critics gave it good reviews the public remained indifferent. Yet (excepting the work of Du Bois) *Cane* contains the finest prose written by a Negro in America. And like the singing of Robeson it is truly racial.

Most of my own poems are racial in theme and treatment, derived from the life I know. In many of them I try to grasp and hold some of the meanings and rhythms of jazz. I am sincere as I know how to be in these poems and yet after every reading I answer questions like these from my own people: "Do you think Negroes should always write about Negroes? I wish you wouldn't read some of your poems to white folks. How do you find anything interesting in a place like a cabaret? Why do you write about black people? You aren't black. What makes you do so many jazz poems?"

But jazz to me is one of the inherent expressions of Negro life in America: the eternal tom-tom beating in the Negro soul--the tom-tom of joy and laughter, and pain swallowed in a smile. Yet the Philadelphia clubwoman is ashamed to say that her race created it and she does not like me to write about it. The old subconscious "white is best" runs through her mind. Years of study under white teachers, a lifetime of white books, pictures, and papers, and white manners, morals, and Puritan standards made her dislike the spirituals. And now she turns up her nose at jazz and all its manifestations--likewise almost everything else distinctly racial. She doesn't care for the Winold Reiss portraits of Negroes because they are "too Negro". She does not want a true picture of herself from anybody. She wants the artist to flatter her, to make the white world believe that all Negroes are as smug and as near white in soul as she wants to be. But, to my mind, it is the duty of the younger Negro artist, if he accepts any duties at all from outsiders, to change through the force of his art that old whispering, "I want to be white," hidden in the aspirations of his people, to "Why should I want to be white? I am a Negro--and beautiful!"

So I am ashamed for the black poet who says, "I want to be a poet, not a Negro poet," as though his own racial world were not as interesting as any other world. I am ashamed, too, for the colored artist who runs from the painting of Negro faces to the painting of sunsets after the manner of the academicians because he fears the strange un-whiteness of his own features. An artist must be free to choose what he does, certainly, but he must also never be afraid to do what he might choose.

Let the blare of Negro jazz bands and the bellowing voice of Bessie Smith singing Blues penetrate the closed ears of the colored near-intellectuals until they listen and perhaps understand. Let Paul Robeson singing "Water Boy," and Rudolph Fisher writing about the streets of Harlem, and Jean Toomer holding the heart of Georgia in his hands, and Aaron Douglas drawing strange black fantasies cause the smug Negro middle class to turn from their white, respectable, ordinary books and papers to catch a glimmer of their own beauty. We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame. If white people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, it doesn't matter. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries and the tom-tom laughs. If colored people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, their displeasure doesn't matter either. We build our temples for tomorrow, strong as we know how, and we stand on top of the mountain, free within ourselves.

Langston Hughes
The Nation
June 23, 1926

black thoughts

But Who Are They

They seem to be,
Yet be not what they seem.
They have what others have,
Yet be not what others are.
Who may these people be,
Who seem but not are?
They are Black!
Yet have what others have,
Seem what others seem
But not are.....equal.
Stephen Rose.

Revolution, Revolution.
It doesn't necessarily have to be a
Black or a White Revolution but a
Peoples' Revolution, against this all
too depressing system.
Time is running out of time.
People as a whole, who share with this
view, have to get together and bring
about this change.

Clinton E. Carter

White man! No longer shall I work your
fields and harvest your crops.
No longer shall I make your bed and clean
your home nor give you food that I have
cooked.
White man! No longer shall I feed your
child from my breast so he can grow up
to treat my child as you have treated me.
No, no, no white man!
No longer shall I sit in a different room
just to eat food you eat!
White man? That's all over now.
Things are changing. Soon I will be
"The Man!"
Then will you call me "nigger?"

Joseph Duncan

*****ATTENTION*****

As it stands now, the Freshman class is
scheduled with the core program leaving
it impossible to take the Black Art History
Course taught by Barry Gaither. A new time
or other arrangements have been suggested
which might make it possible for a number
of freshmen and upper classmen to take
part in this course.
If interested, please contact Deirdre Bibby.

The purpose of activity is to
inform us of the obvious because
the obvious is something we don't
always readily perceive. (I've
found that it's hard to be honest
with people. In a strange way
honesty leaves us open for attack.)

Although art is involvement,
involvement is not always art.
The properties of aesthetic
experience have always existed;
unfortunately they have not been
understood for what they are in
their singular form.

It is evident to me that with the
advent of Pollock the accident took
on its most objective understandable
possibility. Pollock also showed
us how the accident was used to make
the most comparatively honest
statement of energy possible.

However, in the rush of one man's
truth, many artists mininterpreted
its' relevance. The rest is history.
The accident became a bomb
that felled many victims. Later
abstraction stretched the accident
until it became nothing more than
the "accident". The power of using
the accident to go beyond itself
was lost.

Today's art tends to stretch in
another direction, most likely due
to the misunderstanding and contra-
diction of past times.

In the rush of preconception, many
new possibilities arise, however,
the accident still becomes a basic
strongpoint. Artists should not
drive preconception to the point
where the accident ended up in
the forties.

Accident, preconception, and their
integrations must be united and
understood for what they are if our
activity of necessity is to be
carried on with meaning.

My desire to work (as an artist,
painter, creator) does not stem
from the protestant ethic; it stems
from an intangible drive which
makes itself evident in my art.
This is why it is a relative truth
to say that color and form are
secondary to the drive which
always shows through them. This
drive is felt strongly by me, it
is felt by others in a different
way.

As a person refines himself, he
finds that he searches for the
truth of himself; that which drives
him to do what he does as a creative
person.

I make activity. It informs me.
It is something which has always
been obvious. Maybe I didn't
perceive my life-style because I
repressed it. That is during the
beginning, you know.

John McNamara

city hall exhibit

Massachusetts College of Art has been invited to present an exhibition at Boston's New City Hall from October 14 to November 7.

Because of the particular design and space of the gallery area, a special exhibition concept has been developed. The exhibition is entitled DIMENSIONS/DEFINITIONS and is concerned with space; 2 and 3 dimensional presentations, over-size works, and on-site installations.

All faculty and students are invited to submit informational material for selection. In this case the work will not be submitted but written descriptions, sketches, plans etc. should be provided. In addition to the usual artists, title and media, please include dimensions, installation necessities, lighting directions etcetera. *

Nothing can be attached to the gallery walls directly by nails, screws etc., a molding is available and the lighting grid in the ceiling will allow light weight attachments from it. The walls are poured concrete (grey-tan) and the floor terrazzo.

The City Hall does not insure the works, nor can M.C.A. The gallery is kept locked except for those periods when the City Hall tour guides are present or at any other times that we can provide personnel.

All material to be considered for selection must be given to Virginia Gunter no later than October 5. Miss Gunter is at the College on Mondays or your material may be left in her mail box in the main office.***

Installation at City Hall will begin Oct. 13 in the evening and continue on the 14th as necessary. If selected, each person will have to install his on-site piece in a particular area.

* you may submit material for up to 10 works and are encouraged to.

** Larger material (models etc.) may be left in Dean McGovern's Office.

* Another special exhibition TIME PIECE is planned for the spring to run concurrently with the ELEMENTS exhibition at the Museum of Fine Art. Start thinking about it.

j-e-l-l-o

Last Wednesday, the 16th, I told Lester and Al about the jello. They saw it too, on the cafeteria floor. If we had been responsible people we might have crawled around under the tables to try to locate the source. But no one minded, really, and it seemed pointless at the time to get a nice bunch of people all worked up.

Some people like to sit around in the jello...move up and down the stairs through it...or just watch it harden up on the classroom floors.

When the jello comes there are seamless, plexiglass, body-size boxes with life support systems that you can use. I have one and it really works. It allows me to move about freely...and follow the jello around...and watch it get into things.

That jello does nice things for some people. Still, it's always hard to see a friend slip and fall down. That's always hard to watch; but it happens, and when it does, you never know for sure if it was his flavor.

Joan Rubin

MEETING OF GRAPHIC DESIGNERS,

TYPISTS, REPORTERS, WRITERS

AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO WISH

TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE MASS ART

PAPER.

MONDAY AT 1:00 IN SOUTH GALLERY